

# ONCE A WEEK

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# ONCE A WEEK

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894.

## ALL AMONG OURSELVES

THE two chief topics of the past week were the great railroad strike and the Fourth of July, the strike, of course, throwing our old anniversary completely in the shade.

\* \* \*

WE have a Fourth of July every year, but such a magnitudinous strike as the Debs-Pullman affair has never before been attempted in the world. Then, again, the Fourth of July, though always noisy and exciting and rather too frequently attended with deplorable disasters, cannot compare, in point of sensationalism, with the large-scale attempt of President Debs to bring Pullman to terms by holding up commerce and the traveling public, or with the equally dangerous and unjustifiable course of Pullman in allowing a dispute between himself and his employés to grow into the semblance, if not the substance and terrible reality, of a civil war.

\* \* \*

IN view of their duties to the public and to the stockholders of their respective railroads, no fair-minded person can blame the Association of Railway Managers for refusing to recognize Pullmanism in the contest with President Debs of the American Railway Union.

\* \* \*

DEBS alleges that Pullman's employés have been reduced to virtual slavery by the co-operative system adopted in the town of Pullman; that the Company, knowing the dependence of the men, repeatedly reduced their wages until the starvation-point was reached. Whether this is true or not, one thing is certain, and that is, organized labor everywhere seems to believe it. In such a frame of mind it is madness to attempt to coerce organized labor, or to precipitate such a gigantic conflict, without resorting to immediate Federal investigation before calling in the Federal courts or the United States Army. The very magnitude of the tie-up may shorten its duration. I hope it may, and that before these lines are read the threatened upheaval will have been averted. But, at present writing, all parties concerned seem to be seized with a mid-summer madness.

\* \* \*

THE Fourth of July this year may mark a turning-point in our history. President Debs says it will, and several of the railroad presidents have expressed themselves to the same effect; the former says the emancipation of the producers and wage-workers is in sight, the latter that the question as to who owns the railroads might as well be settled now as at any other time. These perfervid words would be disquieting were it not for the fact that, like all our great American utterances at such times, they proceed largely from the imagination.

\* \* \*

PRESIDENT DEBS speaks of the coming emancipation of labor because he holds that labor is entitled to a share in the profits it produces for capital; President Huntington, of the Southern Pacific, says the question of railroad ownership might as well be settled now as at any other time, because he considers the strike and the tie-up lawless acts—which, indeed, they are, in fact and

## ONCE A WEEK.

in result, if not by statute. If President Debs wants that quasi-partnership with capital, the right way to get it is to incorporate the American Railway Union, so that it will be responsible in the courts for all its organized acts.

\* \* \*

THE day before the Fourth saw messages flying from Washington to various points throughout the country instructing Federal officials to prevent strikers from interfering with the regular mail trains. The United States Court, District of Northern Illinois, enjoined all strikers, their friends, sympathizers, and those whom they may incite, from interfering in any way with the United States mails, or with any interstate commerce traffic, either passenger or freight. Instead of the usual Fourth of July orations, the people listened to more or less heated discussions of the industrial problem. The Declaration of Independence and the Bird of Freedom were well enough in their day.

\* \* \*

THE question now seems to be, What shall the country do with all this freedom? There are so many different kinds of people enjoying it, or burdened with it, or spoiled by it—using it, at all events—that freedom does not mean the same in all parts of the country. I am beginning to think that real freedom is not so fast as many seem to think. Let us see. It took the Fathers one hundred and fifty-six years (1620-1776) to go from the thankfulness of Plymouth Rock to the terrible risk of Independence Hall. And here we have gone, in one hundred and eighteen years (1776-1894), from that first Fourth of July to a Continental Republic that is about to settle down upon a permanent basis of go-as-you-please—and do likewise. I am led to this latter unkind remark by the attitude of the contending forces in the great railroad strike. Government worthy of the name is impossible if we allow these two great armies to fight it out to suit themselves, in sight of the great masses of the people whose interests are injuriously affected.

\* \* \*

AS ONCE A WEEK goes to press Chicago is practically under martial law. President Cleveland has issued a proclamation commanding all mobs to disperse by noon, Monday, July 9. Unless this order was heeded the civil authorities of Illinois would be superseded by the military authorities.

\* \* \*

THE Sunday previous comparative quiet reigned in Chicago after the bloody scenes of Saturday, when two battles were fought between rioters and the State militia, deputies and police, resulting in the death of about twenty rioters. Exactly how many were killed will not be known for some time, as many of the rioters who fell were carried away by their fellows. The United States troops had nothing to do with this, and the State soldiers showed remarkable coolness and forbearance before charging upon the rioters. This circumstance is prophetic, because it is highly characteristic of our people. It shows the terrible reserve force in favor of law and order that is behind all this apparent toleration of disorder.

\* \* \*

AT Hammond, Ind., Sunday, the 8th, the regular troops did some deadly execution, killing four or more and wounding about ten. Orders had been issued by General Miles to fire upon all persons caught committing depredations of any sort. There had been rioting all day, and the rioters were in control of the town, or thought they were. Two freight trains had been stopped Saturday night and left standing on the main track, and the trainmen were shamefully maltreated. Two engines guarded by militia were sent from Chicago and brought these trains back to Kensington. When the mob discovered this in the morning they began overturning cars on the main track. The temper of the mob was the most fiendish yet encountered in the strike. General Miles ordered forward thirty-five men from the Fifteenth Regulars.

\* \* \*

ABOUT eight thousand men, women and children began to yell, throw stones and jeer at the soldiers. When the order to fire was given many of the thirty-five Regulars fired into the air. A bystander named Fleischman was leading his little boy away from the scene. The father was killed instantly. W. H. Campbell, another spectator, received a bullet in the thigh. The mob broke and ran. The Regulars went back to their trains. Assistance came on from Chicago by a special train at a mile-a-minute speed. The mob stopped the train with the interlocking switch half a mile from the scene. They were much encouraged. The re-enforcements disembarked. The next volley fired was more deadly. At midnight, Sunday, the 8th inst., Hammond was quiet.

\* \* \*

THE spread of rioting so as to develop several storm-centres is the danger that now threatens. The several States have militia organizations, and the great cities have well-drilled police to meet this emergency. But they must not daily nor trifly. Loud-mouthed Anarchists must be arrested at the first sign of activity. The bad element of idlers and chronic criminals must be carefully watched. Now is the time to show that this is not a revolutionary republic. The Pullman affair—

even Constitutional rights and duties—must be settled afterward.

\* \* \*

THIS is the present phase of the Debs-Pullman-railroad strike. Rioting and general lawlessness have been developed from the affair, as they always are from very extensive strikes. The reign of law must be maintained. There is no danger of civil war. The rioters who have been burning cars, tearing up tracks and terrorizing the whole city of Chicago are outside of the protection of the law. They must be, and, of course, will be, suppressed.

\* \* \*

THE dispute between Pullman and his employés, and the attempt of the American Railway Union to settle it by boycotting Pullman cars and tying up all the railroads, must rest for the present where they are. I have little doubt that this terrible object-lesson will be heeded, and that the near future will see all disputes between employer and employé settled on a purely business basis, instead of by strikes and resulting riots. The joint-stock labor union is the plan advocated by ONCE A WEEK. Labor organizations have nothing to do but add the capital stock feature to their present framework.

\* \* \*

PRESIDENT PERIER'S inaugural message, read in the Senate and Chamber of Deputies of France on the 3d inst., contained the words of a true patriot. The following single extract fitly foreshadows his policy:

"Having been called by the National Assembly to the position of first magistrate of the country, I am not the man of any party, but belong to France and the Republic. An odious crime, which the national conscience stigmatizes, has deprived the Fatherland of an upright citizen, who during the past seven years was the vigilant guardian of our institutions. May the remembrance of this hero of duty inspire and lead me."

"The weight of responsibility is too great for me to attempt to speak my gratitude. I love my country too ardently for it to be a happy day for me when I became its Chief Executive. May it be given to me to find in my mind and heart the strength necessary to serve France worthily."

\* \* \*

THE anti-Parnellite section of the Home Rule party has finally triumphed in its legal contest for the possession of the Irish National Parliamentary Fund, so long held tied up in the hands of the Paris bankers, Munroe & Co. The French court has ordered its delivery to Mr. Justin McCarthy. Now that one great bone of contention has been disposed of, would it not be a good thing to stop all this bickering among Irish members? The time has come when they should bury the past and unite for the sake of their country in one determined effort to achieve Home Rule.

\* \* \*

FINAL action on the tariff is not likely to be taken without considerable further discussion. The present bounty of two cents per pound to sugar-growers is abolished in the new tariff measure in the Senate. As the bill came from the Senate Finance Committee it provided for the abolition of the sugar bounty, to take effect next January; but, with the assistance of Democratic Senators Hill, Irby, Pugh, George and Coke, and the Populist Peffer, the Republican Senators carried an amendment making the abolition take effect immediately upon the passage of the bill, whenever that will be.

\* \* \*

THE opposition to this amendment in the Conference Committee will still further delay the proposed legislation. It is also well known that Senator Hill is not yet tired of his fight against the income tax, and that the Republican Senators will use every means under the rules to defeat the bill as a whole. It is still in order, therefore, to call upon Congress to drop the whole tariff agitation until after the fall elections. If the people then make another sweeping change in the political complexion of the House, it will be useless to pass this bill. The country needs a rest, anyhow.

\* \* \*

THE bill has already passed the Senate, and there is a notable tendency, on the part of Senators at least, to hurry the measure through. The action of the Conference Committee is therefore likely to be prompt. We hope so.

\* \* \*

THE same story is told over again. Organized labor strikes; the corporations demand protection for their property; somebody—striker, sympathizer, outsider, or enemy of the Unions—does some damage, and the strike is put down by the State or by the United States. This is so plain and simple that I wonder the strike is ever resorted to. Facts are stubborn, and have no respect for even real grievances. Organized labor must deal with organized capital on a level of equality and responsibility, and on a strictly business basis. To this end, organized labor must become corporate bodies, with capital stock of their own, and with a formal standing in the courts.

\* \* \*

THE late Admiral Porter, who, for a long time, enjoyed the greatest favor with President Grant, was suddenly confronted with a letter he had written years before during Grant's Western campaigns, criticising "Unconditional Surrender" rather savagely. This was embarrassing for Porter, and produced a decided coolness on the part of Grant. Now it seems something of the same kind has happened in the case of Admiral Erben, who reported, some time ago, that Captain

Mahan was unfit to command a ship. And yet to-day Mahan's name is in the mouth of the whole world as that of a man who has written one of the cleverest books of the age. And Admiral Erben is his companion and sharer in all the honors conferred upon the man who was considered unfit to command a ship. Time has its revenges truly.

\* \* \*

THE sprightly *World* compares Keir Hardie to Victor Hugo's *comprachico*, in "L'Homme Qui Rit," and makes Hardie exclaim, in the House of Commons: "I bring you news, brethren—news that all babies are born free and equal." As a matter of fact, Hardie did not use those exact words; but all impartial people will agree that the figure he cut in Parliament when he objected to congratulations over the birth of a son to the Duchess of York, merely because she belongs now to the royalties, was far more ridiculous than that of the poor mutilated Gwynplaine in the House of Lords. However strong may be the tendency among the British masses toward Republicanism, the feeling of respect for the Queen, as a woman, has not been lessened in the slightest degree, and a mere message of congratulation to her on the birth of a great-grandson is not to be used by a mere demagogue like Hardie to cast odium upon her or her family. Hardie was left in a minority of one in opposing the message of congratulation, and no one condemns him more heartily than the average British workingman. Hardie's idea of statesmanship seems, like his cloth cap, to begin and end in buffoonery.

\* \* \*

THE Lexow Investigating Committee has adjourned to September 10, subject to the call of the Chair. During the time the Committee was at work members of the Police Department, from the patrolman to the Commissioner, have been accused of blackmail, collusion with criminals and general official crookedness. The witnesses against them have been chiefly bad characters and "reformed" bad characters, though many reputable New York business men testified to having paid money to the police for such privileges as obstructing the sidewalks.

\* \* \*

AS heretofore pointed out in these columns, the Lexow Committee is not a judicial body, but is plainly hostile to the Department. Throughout this investigation the rules of evidence have been thrown aside and hearsay evidence admitted. Many of the police captains asked to be heard in reply to their accusers, but their requests were refused. The adjournment of the Committee over the summer months leaves a cloud of suspicion upon the entire Police Department. For the time being many of the more disreputable witnesses must feel that they have "got even" with the Department. The Police Force must be more or less demoralized after hearing the shameful stories told by some of the witnesses against high police officials.

\* \* \*

UNDER these circumstances the Police Commissioners, it would seem, are fully justified in taking up the charges against captains and others immediately after the Lexow adjournment. The work of the Commissioners, for the next few weeks, will be of the greatest importance to the city. Let it be done fairly and squarely. Give Byrnes a free hand, and may the truth prevail.

\* \* \*

WHAT is the objection to allowing each State to own and run all the railroads within its limits? That would render these periodical railroad strikes impossible. What is working so successfully elsewhere is, at least, worth trying in this land ridden with monopolies.

\* \* \*

IT seems that the Hon. Clarence Greathouse, formerly of San Francisco, has been practically Prime Minister of Corea. In 1885 he was sent by our Government to Japan as Consul-General for Yokohama. While on a visit to Corea its King took a great fancy to him, made him Postmaster-General and confidential adviser, and finally practically Prime Minister. Lucky thing for the young King; for Minister Greathouse was enabled,

to realize that New England gets more than her share of the firecracker's big time. New Haven had a fireworks blaze the same day costing more than one hundred thousand dollars.

\* \* \*

FARMERS between Chicago and New York ought to realize good prices for their beef cattle if the strike continues, unless, indeed, the butchers and drovers get the additional profits themselves—as usual.

\* \* \*

RICHARD CROKER returned home on the Fourth, and was in time for the big Wigwam celebration. But he did not speak. Mr. Croker is not in the habit of speaking at the great public gatherings of Tammany. He is, however, credited even now with having a "great deal to say"—which does not necessarily mean formal speaking, by the way—in Tammany Hall. Mr. Croker's health is better than when he went away.

\* \* \*

THE position taken by John M. Egan, chairman of the General Managers' Association, July 4, was that the whole affair rests now between the strikers and the Government. He adds that the railroads can furnish the men to run the trains if the Government furnishes the protection. On the part of the regular army officers at Chicago, it was announced that, if the turbulent scenes enacted at the Stock Yards on the Fourth were repeated the next day, the soldiers would shoot, and shoot to kill.

\* \* \*

PRESIDENT DEBS claims the railroads cannot get sufficient men. He says the American Railway Union will not prevent any man from taking strikers' places. On this proposition President Debs says he will win or lose.

\* \* \*

BRITISH INDIA and Western North America not included, the foreign commerce of countries on the Pacific amounts to one billion five hundred million dollars, including China, Japan, Hong Kong, Cochin China, Philippine Islands, the Straits, Dutch Possessions, Ecuador, Peru, Chili and Australia. To those countries the United States ships three and one-half per cent of our total exports. Such exports have decreased one-half of one per cent in ten years. No doubt the Suez Canal, placing England and other nations of Europe about four thousand miles nearer to these Pacific countries, had much to do with the falling off of American trade in that direction. It is quite interesting to know that these two great canals, so widely separated—I mean the Nicaragua that is to be (American) and the Suez that is (English)—are to be actual rivals for the transportation of the world's commerce. The House of Representatives should lose no time in getting the Nicaragua Canal among the probabilities, at least.

\* \* \*

WELL, our *Vigilant* was beaten twice last week by the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*. Our yacht—which is, in reality, Gould property—gave time allowance, could beat *Britannia* another time if—But no excuses. The Queen's Cup is still over there—the America's Cup is still here. What we want now is a yacht that can win a race away from home.

#### WHO IS THE MOST REMARKABLE WOMAN OF THE TIME?

A FEW days ago one of a party of ten persons started the query, "Who is the Most Remarkable Woman of the Time?" and no two answers were alike. People measure greatness from different standpoints, and disagreement in this case should not be considered extraordinary. It is a most interesting inquiry, however, and to obtain correct answer ONCE A WEEK offers, as an inducement to keen competition, a copy of Collier's "Library of Standard Authors," in three royal quarto volumes. Send in your answers, therefore, at once, giving, in pithy form, the reasons that decide each competitor in selecting the favorite for the distinction of being the most remarkable woman of the time. This competition will remain open for two weeks from the date of publication of this number.



EUGENE V. DEBS,  
President of American Railway Union.

by his coolness and shrewdness, to save His Majesty and all his Cabinet from destruction. It happened in this way:

On the 6th of May, when the King and his Ministers met in the central Government office, as usual, to make their annual reports and agree upon the next year's policy, one Ryu-To-Kon, who was one of a band of conspirators in a plot to blow up the office and all within it, disclosed the devilish plan and pointed out the location of the mine. Twelve hundred pounds of powder were discovered in a pit under the floor, and connected with an outbuilding by a fuse. Greathouse ordered profound secrecy to be observed, had the fuse broken, the powder removed, and the police summoned to arrest all the conspirators on their arrival at the place where they hoped to carry out the daring plot. Greathouse's plan worked successfully, the leading conspirators were captured, and the next news from Corea will doubtless include an account of the execution of over a thousand personages concerned in the plot.

\* \* \*

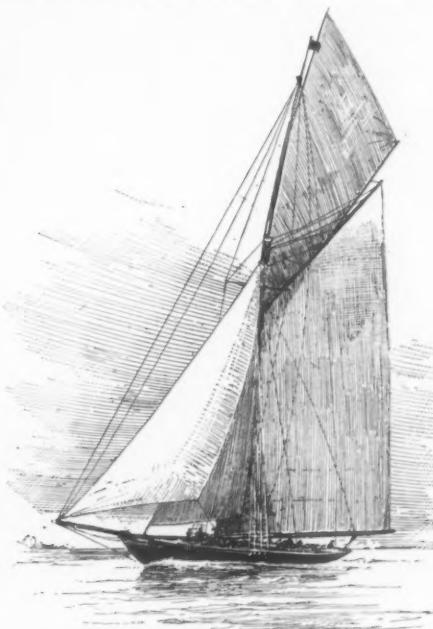
IN Leghorn, Italy, July 1, Signor Bandi was stabbed to death by an Anarchist, as he was entering his carriage. The unfortunate man was director of the *Gazetta Livornese*. Signor Crispi has introduced a bill in the Italian Chamber of Deputies providing for the suppression of the instigators of crime, and making the public approval of Anarchist crimes a punishable offense. It is about time Governments were doing something to meet this latest phase of disorder. But it should be in the shape of prevention before these fiendish deeds, instead of punishment afterward.

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ONE firecracker caused the destruction of twenty big business blocks and a loss of half a million dollars at Hudson, Mass., on the Fourth. These apparently innocent, but really absurd, little toys usually reserve their most destructive true inwardness for our National An-



THE "BRITANNIA."  
The Prince of Wales' yacht, winner of the Mudhook regatta.



THE "VALKYRIE."  
Lord Dunraven's yacht, which was sunk by the Satanita.



THE "SATANITA."  
Which ran down and sank the Valkyrie.



THE WOMAN'S PROFESSIONAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.

ONCE A WEEK.

JULY 14, 1894.]



GANSEVOORT MARKET, NEW YORK CITY, AT SUNRISE.  
(Drawn by E. BROUGHTON.)



## COLONIAL NEWPORT.

BY LIDA A. CHURCHILL.



O THE friend in whose ha'liness my soul takes a personal interest I would say: If you would see Newport aright, seek it when the May-time blossoms are fading, and welcome in the most regal and voluptuous of summer months in this land of delight. Loiter about its history-haunted streets, lounge upon the fresh grass, stretch yourself upon the rocks, see visions and dream dreams, and become reinvigorated through and through by breezes tossed up from the waves.

The eyes of him who waits till July or August to visit this garden of the gods—and more especially of the goddesses—are holden from the beauties of Nature, and his mind turned from the contemplation of historic truths or romantic legends of the past, by much going in and out of palaces, by the giving and receiving of elaborate entertainments, by the glory of rich apparel and the flash of jewels, by the passing of costly carriages, by the dances, and the music and the merriment—by all the seductive and sensuous delights of the season.

But he who, in the soft, lingering May-time and early June, is not brushed by the silken robes of society or startled by the roll of its equipages, is apt to turn his mind backward, and to dwell on events far enough in the shadow of the past not to prove dazzling.

The difference between old and new Newport is the difference between the minuet and the german. The city has been born again, and the new incarnation is to the old as a rushing mountain torrent to a calmly rolling river, or shooting meteors to still sunlight.

As our early comer climbs up the cliffs he wonders from behind which of their knolls appeared James the marplot, who was to make such a hapless thing of the "minister's wooing," and who carried, by his sure conviction of his love for his sweet cousin Mary and his very loose ideas on the subject of predestination, such consternation into the home of brisk and thrifty Katie Scudder.

It was in 1638 that the settlement of Newport was begun by a little band of seventeen men, headed by William Coddington, who, in the second year of the existence of the colony, became its Governor.

The colony grew apace, and, in 1840, established a public school, which was never abandoned.

The settlers early discovered the potential utility and importance of their harbor, and as constant and rapid accessions were made to the population, the colony soon grew into an important trading post, and its principal men became merchants and navigators.

If our friend turns his steps down dilapidated Water Street he will remember that in Newport's palmy commercial days a large part of her interests lay in this quarter. Here, from her seven wharves, vessels were constantly discharging their cargoes of molasses and other merchandise, and reloading with cargoes of rum, which was shipped from eleven distilleries to Africa. In 1764 Newport's trade with the West Indies employed a hundred and fifty vessels, and fourteen thousand hogsheads of molasses was converted into rum for the African trade. This rum was exchanged for slaves and the products of the coast.

The shipyards at this time was constantly heard the pleasant click of hammers busy on the mighty boats, and frequently the inhabitants of the colony gathered themselves together to witness the graceful movements of vessels as they were launched.

In 1769 the wave-washed colony was at the height of her glory. Not only was she commercially strong, she was intellectually mighty. Her library, with the exception of that of Cambridge, was the finest and most complete in America. This library—a beautiful Roman-Doric structure, designed by Peter Harrison, who assisted Vanbrugh in the erection of the palace of the Duke of Marlborough, in Woodstock, England—was named in honor of its founder, Abraham Redwood, the Redwood Library.

At this time Newport was a theatrical centre—one of the first in America—and although such a journey involved four days in transit, two in going and two in returning, people came from Boston to witness the drama.

The first theatre troupe which ever performed in New England appeared in Newport in 1761, vouch'd for by the Governor of Virginia, who had witnessed its acting, and affirmed that its members had, in his own sunny State, "conducted themselves with propriety," and that "their performance was in no way objectionable." That which managers of the present decade would consider "damning with faint praise" seemed to have well pleased this American company—for such the troupe was called—for a license was granted it for a limited time, and a building was erected for its use, where, for two months, it entertained its grave audiences with an occasional Shakespearean drama, and oftener with such productions as "The Spectre Bridegroom," "The Cautio is Lover," etc.

As there were no reserved seats, and as the performance began promptly at six, patrons were requested, in the playbills and advertisements, to send their servants at four o'clock to keep their places. The servants were almost invariably sent, and sat in social confab before the drop-curtain till the owners of the seats appeared.

A very high wind, which, two months after its erection, blew down the frail theatre, put an end to the acting of this company in Newport.

Seven was the hour usually named for a ball, and people were expected to be as prompt as at a dinner. Music was furnished by the spinnet, the flute and the viol. The favorite dances were "College Hornpipe," "I'll be Married in my Old Clothes," "Love and Opportunity," "Faithful Shepherd," etc.

Then, as now, the Newport dames led the fashion but the modes came from London rather than from Paris. The favorite ornaments for the hair were beads, white ostrich feathers and imitation Indian plumes. Half of the hair was combed over and tied in a bunch at the back of the head, the other half being brought forward, and worn with or without a bandeau. Beehive-shaped turbans, of crape or muslin, finished with a bow and ends on the side, were worn. Caps were also fashionable. If of buff satin, they were covered with lace, the full crown was confined with white ribbon, and a small rosette was fastened to the side. The cap of black lace was trimmed with gold fringe and ornamented trimmings, and finished by an ostrich feather on one side. A Parisian robe of white muslin was trimmed all around with croquillois and black velvet. The sleeves and bosom were confined with velvet, and trimmed with lace. The turban, made to match, was of white muslin, finished with a long end. A London round dress was, perhaps, of pink silk. Over the train a loose dress of black lace was drawn. The sleeves of black lace, were full, and a kerchief of black lace was crossed over the bosom and fastened with a gold clasp. The cap, of pink crape, was ornamented with a white ostrich feather.

Happy Newport! Peace was within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces. But the dark days when dancing feet would be stilled and merriment seem but a mockery were at hand. Britain's grasping hand was soon to be laid upon the colonies with a weight of iron and a clasp of steel.

In July, 1769, some time before the Boston tea party, the British sloop *Liberty*, which had been sent to the American shores to collect an odious tax, was destroyed near Long Wharf. Infuriated by this act of resistance, the Mother Country sent other vessels to subjugate her rebellious children, and in June, 1775, the first naval engagement of the Revolution took place between a colonial sloop, commanded by Abraham Whipple, and a tender of the British frigate *Rose*, in which the tender was chased and captured. In less than a year from this time the General Assembly had renounced allegiance to Great Britain, and the Revolution was upon us.

Newport has not to this day recovered from the depredations of the large British fleet which was quartered on the island from 1776 to 1779, and which destroyed nearly five hundred houses, burned the shipping, robbed the library, desecrated public buildings, cut down the forests for fuel, and carried off all the town records.

It was one bright summer day in 1780 that the gallant Chevalier de Tarney led his no less gallant troops of six thousand French allies into Newport, to be welcomed as only a people half mad with distress and loss, half delirious with joy at the prospect of deliverance, could welcome him. Flags were unfurled, bells were rung, and those houses where the means of illumination remained—many families were so reduced that not even candles were left them—were brilliantly lighted.

A round of gayeties followed the arrival of the troops. Balls, parties, and, in the warm weather, outdoor festivities, "trod upon each other's heels" in bewildering fashion. On August 25, the birthday of St. Louis, there was a great gathering in honor of the day, and on the day previous an immense parade in front of the French encampments; a salute was fired from the forts, earthworks, batteries and ships in the harbor, after which Chevalier de Tarney and other general officers, accompanied by Major-General Heath and a company of Newport's most brilliant men and women, reviewed the troops.

The death of Chevalier de Tarney, in December, spread a gloom over the town, and thousands followed him to his last resting-place in Trinity churchyard.

In March, 1781, Washington first came to Newport. He landed on Long Wharf, and was conducted by the Comte de Rochambeau to the Vernon House, on Clarke Street, which was the latter's headquarters, amid the cheering of the multitude which had assembled on the pier to witness his arrival. He remained but a week; but during that time there were a torchlight procession miles in length, illuminations, balls, dinners—every thing of which the minds of America and France could conceive to do honor to the hero of the day. An exceedingly brilliant ball was given by the French officers in Mrs. Cowley's assembly rooms on Church Street. From numerous silver candelabra and beautiful mirrors with branching lights and lovely wreaths was shed a flood of yellow light. The walls were hung with flags and festoons of gay bunting, looped with rosettes of swords and pistols.

The ladies brought forth from trunk, or chest, or other hiding-place superb party dresses of brocade, and petticoats rich with embroidery, and clothed themselves in fitting attire to be the partners of America's noblemen and the flower of France.

To Washington was given the honor of opening the ball, and he led out as his first partner Miss Peggy Champlin. They must have made an imposing couple—Washington's commanding figure in his continental uniform, and the maiden, whose grace was a marvel, and whose beauty had attracted the attention of De Segur.

Newport never regained her former opulence and wealth, but came slowly back to a comfortable independence and unharassed repose, and after the departure of the impetuous and hot-blooded Frenchmen, took up once more her slow, courtly, dignified, but thoroughly enjoyable life.

It appears that Washington did not forget the family of his beautiful partner at the French ball; for, in the winter of 1799, when he had become President and was again in Newport, we find him sending the following invitation to her father:

"The President of the United States requests the pleasure of Mr. Champlin's company to dine, on Thursday next, at four o'clock.  
"January 10, 1799.  
"An answer is requested."

The guest on this occasion was one of Newport's most considerable merchants, who was sent to the House and Senate in Philadelphia, was entertained by, and entertained, all the leading people in his own and other cities.

The fashionable hour for a dinner-party was from 2:30 to 3, and for a State dinner 4 was considered sufficiently late.

In a bundle of old papers was found the following note, written by Dr. Isaac Senter, a prominent Newport physician, who fought at Lexington, and was with Arnold in his struggle to reach Quebec:

"DEAR SIR—I received your billet to dine on Saturday, this morning, and I should be exceedingly happy to embrace the opportunity that your politeness offers me on the present occasion; but I find this morning that I have taken too great liberties with my lungs yesterday, and that it will be necessary for me to keep Lent a little time to make amends. I am respectfully yours, ISAAC SENTER."

Newport sometimes entertained celebrated angels unawares. One day in the spring of 1794 there stepped ashore from a New York packet ship a lame man, with a slight figure, a foreign accent, and a scrupulously neat dress. He found entertainment in a modest house near Long Wharf, from which he went in and out for several weeks to talk with merchants and mariners, from whom he drew all the information possible of trade and commerce. He visited the ships in the harbor, the boat shops, the rope walks, the forges for making harpoons, the bakeries where the ship bread was produced. He encouraged no intimacy, and gave no clew to his name or home. It was some time after his departure that the Newporters learned that they had received a visit from Tallyrand.

There are some things about which youth does not care to be too well instructed. While scholars and architects and artisans have builded theories and searched records about the old stone mill, the young men and maidens have ever preferred to have its intended use remain a mystery, or to believe Longfellow's tale of the "Viking bold" who built it as a hiding-place for his stolen bride. An old tradition affirms that the tower is the abode of witches' souls, and, if under proper conditions, a person in love walks around it seven times at midnight, repeating certain cabalistic phrases, the witches will appear. The inference is that the lover will receive some magic counsel which will aid his cause, but the experience of one who has tried the feat has never been made known to the world.

From whatever point Newport is viewed Trinity Church is visible. This church, built in 1725, is one of Sir Christopher Wren's most graceful pieces of architecture. In its high pulpit, with its sounding-board, have preached such men as Bishop Berkeley, Honeyman and Marmaduke Brown, while in its stiff-backed pews have worshipped Washington, Chevalier de Tarney, Comte de Rochambeau and many other noted people. It was the only church in town which was not despoiled by the British troops during their stay on the island.

Standing before the spirited statue of Commodore Perry, in Truro Park, one recalls the old song which asserts that, when a ball crashed through the *Lawrence*, the intrepid commander

"Pulled off his coat and plugged up the boat;"  
but it is a matter of grave doubt if the commodore did any such thing, for the coat—a thin blue garment worn during the engagement that he might not be distinguished from his men—which was averred to have been used as a water-stopper at Lake Erie, is preserved by the descendants of its owner, and if it had been used to "plug up the boat," who, in the stress and struggle of the hour, would have thought it worth while to remove it, even had it been remembered?

No man ever received greater respect from his native town than did this hero of Lake Erie, who was presented with a large silver vase, on one side of which was engraved a view of the battle which made him famous, and inscribed to him by "His fellow-citizens of Newport" as "a memorial of their sense of his signal merits in achieving the victory on the 10th of September, 1813, on Lake Erie."

Our early comer will like to wander in and out of the old Newport houses. He can well fancy these ancient structures haunted by ghosts in gaiters and gold-lace coats, with powdered hair and glistening shoe-buckles, or in brocades and embroidery, with feathers in their spirit-locks. As he stands in some lofty drawing-room or stately chamber he will, perhaps, recall Bret Harte's "Newport Romance," and wonder if this might not have been the home of her who, because of the perfidy of the lover who was "fickle, and fine, and French," and who "sailed away with the Admiral Rochambeau," died of a broken heart, but of whom it is averred that—

"Her spirit lives, and her soul is a part  
Of that sad old house by the sea;"  
and whose ghostly presence was made known by the odor of the flowers which were her false lover's favorite gift—

"When the clock strikes two  
She walks unbidden from room to room,  
And the air is filled that she passes through  
With a subtle, sad perfume.  
The delicate odor of mignonette,  
The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet,  
Is all that tells of her story; yet  
Could she think of a sweeter way?"

In the Tuckerman villa, which has now been so far remodeled as to have lost most of its ancient look, General Greene—who rented it at the close of the Revolution—entertained, in 1784, the Marquis de Lafayette, Kosciusko, Baron Steuben and other celebrities.

The oldest house in the city was built in 1639 by Henry Bull, one of the early settlers, who twice became Governor under the royal charter. This house was used, in 1642, as a place of refuge from the Indians, and afterward for some time served as a prison.

A dwelling which interests young and old is the Captain Kidd house, on Canonicut Island, a short distance from Newport. It is said to be the home where rested, when on shore, the bold buccaneer who gathered so much gold "as he sailed."

On the Swamp Road, one of the loveliest drives in and around Newport, is Whitehall, the once-home of the silver-tongued Bishop Berkeley, now the property of Yale College. The old mansion stands in the most dreamy and quiet of spots, and one does not wonder that here the author could compose so thoughtful a work as "The Minute Philosopher."

One can spend days among these old mansions, dreaming out the histories of those whose homes they were, re-peopling them with the old stately forms, and imagining that the dead assist in the weaving of his mind-fabric.

The story of a city, like that of a life, can never be but partially told, and especially from a spot so hedged about and shot through with historic truths and romantic legends as Newport must one turn away with only a fragment of its tale recorded.—(See page 9.)

Brain fatigue from wear and tear  
Speedily relieved by Bromo-Seltzer.

## MISS NAN.

## THE ROMANCE OF AN OLD MAID.

BY LEWIS VITAL BOGY.

Author of "*In Office*," "*A Common Man*," and "*A Cynic's Sacrifice*."

**S**LENDER but not thin; with soft hazel eyes and long lashes; pale complexion; light-brown hair, with here and there a strand of gray; not pretty but attractive-looking; simple in manner, speech and dress—that was Miss Nan.

That she was an old maid was beyond dispute. Her most intimate friend would not have denied it if he could. Though for the matter of that, he could not, belonging, as he did, to the feline species and not being blessed with the power of speech. She was "turned" thirty-five if she was a day, and the most hopeful of that social scourge known as match-makers had long since scratched her name off their list of possibilities.

Miss Nan lived in her own cottage, and the lawn in front of it was the neatest in Tiffin, as the little parlor inside was the tidiest. The three cats that monopolized the hearth-rug in the parlor of evenings were as sleek as could be and exceptionally well-behaved for cats. The furniture was of a quaint pattern, but the easy-chairs were comfortable in the extreme, and if the little earthenware teapot was half as good a brewer as it was a singer, I don't blame her for indulging in its contents rather freely.

That Miss Nan had a good heart and a kind one, I can vouch for, and so could many a barefooted urchin and many an overworked factory girl. There was no Sunday-school teacher in Tiffin as beloved by her scholars, and they all knew the flavor of her famous cookies.

I often wondered why Miss Nan was an old maid, for Tiffin is a small town, and however rosy the path of an old maid may be in our larger cities, it is not a flowery one in the country. More than this, I knew that her face must have been a witching one in the days of her girlhood, and that she must have had opportunities enough. Besides, I have a theory of my own, that every woman could marry if she chose, and it is this theory that has always made me partial to old maids. Who can tell what steadfastness of faith is represented in many an unappreciated old maid, who has set some idol up in the chosen place, and, though he be dead or gone, worships him still with her woman's constancy. And so I was not surprised to hear one day that Miss Nan had had a bit of romance in her life, too; so long ago that the younger generation had never heard of it and the older generation had long since forgotten it.

There had been a certain handsome young man who had courted her in the old days, and not unsuccessfully. He had been practicing law for three or four years, and his prospects were unusually bright. He was genial in his way, but proud to a fault. He had never been a lady's man, and despite the fact that many jaunty caps had been set for him, he had almost been set down for a young bachelor confirmed in his waywardness, until he met Miss Nan at a church festival. From that evening the predictions toppled over like card houses, for, though she did not apparently reciprocate at first, he was a determined wooer, with youth, good looks and a wining tongue to back him. So at last she melted—of course she did, for what else was that woman's heart of hers created?—and the gossips began to wonder when the day would be set and to surmise among themselves that it had been set and was still a secret. But whether it really had or had not been, Silas Grantley knew and Miss Nan knew, but the gossips never did find out.

Of the matrimonially inclined young ladies who had set their caps for Silas Grantley before the fatal church festival, none had set them so artfully, so hopefully as Lizzie Minks. She was a pretty bit of a woman (long since the wife of a hen-pecked husband), with sparkling black eyes, sharp features and a tight little figure that she was wont to deck out with the gayest ribbons imaginable. She had Spanish blood in her veins, and was proud of it; and proud of her temper, too. Though Silas had never paid her any serious attention, she had appeared attractive to him, until he met Miss Nan. If it had not been for that, there is no telling what might not have happened. Miss Minks was not a young lady to submit to such a total eclipse calmly, and the truth was that she never had any intention of submitting to it at all. One day about the time that the gossips had settled it satisfactorily among themselves that "the day had finally been set," she came to the conclusion that matters had progressed far enough, and made an afternoon call on her successful rival.

She left her pretty airs and graces at home with her gay ribbons that morning, and was a sad enough figure when her hostess ushered her into the parlor—the same little parlor, though Miss Nan's mother was living then, and it was brighter to her than it was in after years. Lizzie Minks told her story well, and wept bitter tears over it, too. She told how Silas had wooed her and won her, and had promised to marry her, and how the day had been named, and how he had kept up the cruel deception even after he had met Miss Nan herself; and how heartlessly he had finally thrown her over and laughed at her. Then when she saw that the girl at her side appeared sorely troubled, she became remorseful and vowed that she ought not to have told her; then she grew hysterical, and railed against all men and despised herself for an idiot to have ever trusted one of them. Her auditor was very quiet through it all, but Lizzie Minks knew that her shaft had been a straight one, and went home exulting. After she had gone, Miss Nan did what many another girl in her place would have done; she had a hard cry. She did not tell her mother—she could not have told any one. She hated to think that even Lizzie Minks knew the man she loved in such an altered light. But the mere fact of thinking of him softened her, and she hoped—ay, in the loyalty of her heart, she trusted—that Silas had been misunderstood. There should be no misunderstanding between them; she determined to tell him that evening, when he called, all that she had heard. But tangled through her trouble was a sore feeling of disappointment that Silas could have even carelessly trifled with another woman; and a feeling, too, of unconscious jealousy, in the thought that he had prolonged the farce after

he had begun the wooing of herself. It was a feeling akin to resentment against him, in justice to her own worth. When he entered the parlor a few hours later, he knew at once that something was wrong and Miss Nan did not leave him long in doubt. She told him the whole story, only withholding the name of her informant. She kept back her tears, too, and the effort made her voice hard. She waited for him to speak when she had finished, and if they had been sitting nearer to each other, would have touched his hand. I said that Silas Grantley was proud, and if ever a proud man was humiliated, that man was himself.ther proof that her own voice could have made him think that this woman could have believed for a moment such a base falsehood against his manhood. The feeling of deep injury and indignation was uppermost in his mind. Without a word he rose and turned to go. At the door he paused an instant to look at her, but only for an instant; there was a quick, firm step on the gravel walk, the gate shut noiselessly and he was gone. From that night Miss Nan never saw Silas Grantley again. Never saw him again? Never saw him again? How many times she saw him in that doorway, when the feline family were purring contentedly and the little earthenware teapot was singing cheerfully on the hearth, only Miss Nan knew. How many times that last reproachful glance looked in upon her on the lonely nights of the long years that followed, when the whole bitter truth was before her, only Miss Nan knew. How utterly dreary the tidy little parlor was at times during the long, long hours, when the thought of that last night came back to her; how often the soft gray eyes wept bitterly when she thought of the wrong that she had done him, and that she never could undo now, Miss Nan, and only Miss Nan, knew.

And that was the story of her romance. A late train west-bound carried Silas Grantley away that night—carried him away so completely that Tiffin neither saw

and led him to her own gate and up the gravel walk and into the neat little cottage, and into the tidiest parlor in all Tiffin. How she took on over him and cried over him, and bathed his face with cold cologne water, and had old Mrs. Young (her ancient maid-of-all-work) cook him the daintiest breakfast imaginable! Who would have thought it of Miss Nan? And what would Tiffin say? Little cared Miss Nan what Tiffin would say. For all her tears, there was not a lighter heart in the world that day than Miss Nan's. If there had been one bright spot in her lonely life, it had been the hope of his return, and as the empty years came and went she had sometimes felt that she was hoping against hope. And now he had come back. What did it matter how he had come? He had come, and that was enough for Miss Nan.

At first Silas was dazed and insensible to his surroundings, but when the breakfast was brought in to him he ate like a famished dog. Mrs. Young, wise woman that she was, had brewed some black coffee, so strong that its very aroma might have had a sobering influence; and when Silas had drunk two big cups of it, steaming hot, he began to look around him. The little parlor had not changed so very much in all those years, and remembering first how he had tramped into Tiffin the night before, it began to dawn on him where he really was. Then his eyes rested on Miss Nan, and he knew it all. He buried his face in his hands and sobbed. Then a woman's arms were about the ragged coat, and the tired head was on her breast, and the tangled hair was anointed with her tears.

Did they marry? What a question! Of course they did. Silas Grantley reformed, and with reformation came health and success. There never was a better husband, and the happiest wife in Tiffin is—Miss Nan.

## THE LATE HOWARD SEELY.

**A**T the last regular meeting of the Authors' Club before the summer recess, the writer of this article took the opportunity to congratulate Howard Seely on the brilliancy and good taste displayed in a biographical and critical sketch from his pen that had recently appeared in the pages of ONCE A WEEK. "If the public," I said, jokingly, "desires a study of my work and character after I have passed away, I hope, Seely, that you will be kind enough to undertake the task. Your delightful style would make even the meagre materials at your disposal entertaining to any reader." His genial smile lighted his fine gray eyes, and he promised, in a playful way, to "write me up" when the time came.

With the memory of this episode in my mind, it is with a renewed sense of the irony of fate that, only a few weeks later, I sit here to pen an unworthy tribute to the late Howard Seely whose sad and untimely death, at his home in Brooklyn, so recently shocked the community. It is hard to realize that this man, whose charming personality had endeared him to all who had the privilege of his friendship, has been removed in his prime from a world that had gladly recognized his personal and artistic excellence.

Howard Seely was a graduate of Yale University, and a member of the Skull and Bones Secret Society. He was thirty-eight years of age at the time of his death, and had taken a high place in literature for so young a man. His first book, dealing with ranch life in Texas, and entitled, "A Lone Star Bo-Peep," at once called to him the attention of readers and critics, who recognized immediately the charm of his style and the value of the material he had at command. "A Nymph of the West" and "A Border Leander," both published by the Appletons, and "The Jonah of Lucky Valley," published by the Harpers, firmly established the high opinion of his work begotten by his first book. There were in these stories a delicate humor, an insight into human nature, an appreciation of the picturesque and the dramatic that, added to a firm and forcible command of English, placed him among the most promising of the younger writers of America. Bret Harte, who had won worldwide fame by his stories dealing with the same character of background and individuals, was quick to recognize Mr. Seely's ability, and kind enough to give voice to his appreciation of the younger man's efforts. While comparisons, especially in dealing with literary productions, are seldom profitable, and are apt to be misleading, it is not too much to say that the praise accorded by Bret Harte to Howard Seely's work was a generous recognition of the fact that the latter's tales of life in the Far West were on much the same plane of merit occupied by "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

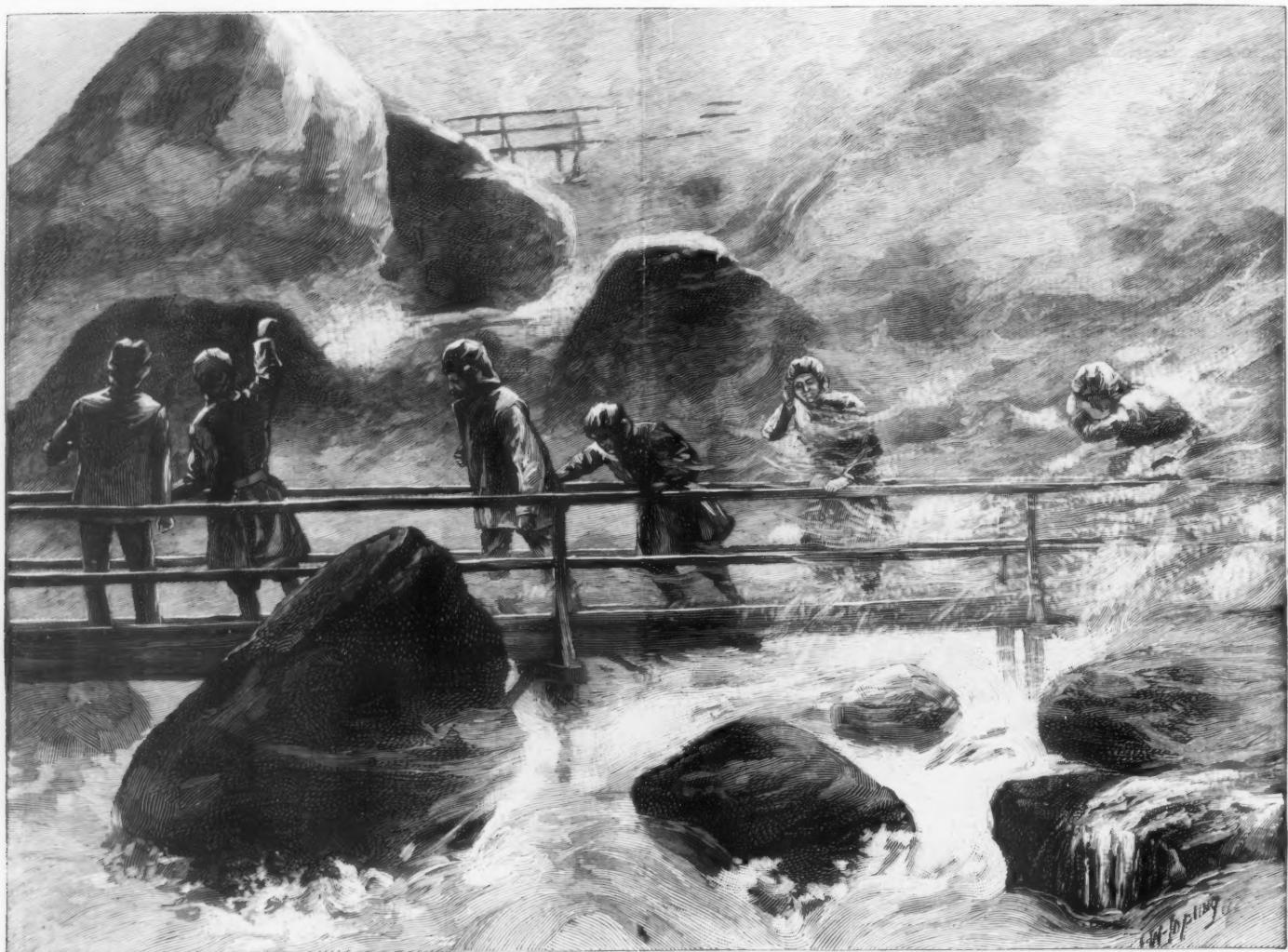
That a writer who had so thoroughly proved that he had made no mistake in choosing letters as his profession should be taken away before he had fulfilled the promise of his published work, is one of the saddest commentaries on the strange lack of symmetry that the lives of so many men display. To those who had watched the successive triumphs of his literary career and who had hoped so much for his future, the thought that his pen has written its last word, that his genius has lost forever its fructifying power and lives only in the achievements of the past, is colored with sadness and regret.

Compared with those who knew and admired Howard Seely's work the number of those who have enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance and friendship is necessarily few, but it is to the latter that his untimely death comes with startling significance. It means that there is lost to them for all time a companion whose manliness and courtesy, whose genial humor and contagious enthusiasm made his presence a delight to those who loved him.

The tendency of life as one gets on in years is to narrow the circle of men in whom we take a warm and vital interest, and who are to us something more than mere puppets in the strange tragedy that is going on around us. When from that circle there is taken one whose personality was as refreshing to those who met him in the sacred haunts of friendship as the waters of the cooling spring to the traveler weary of the dusty plain, there are no words that can fittingly express the sense of loss sustained. Other men of other generations may do for American literature the work that Howard Seely left undone; but through all the coming years there will be in the hearts of those who loved him a vacant place that cannot be filled, a memory that will turn to longing as we dwell upon it. EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.



THE LATE HOWARD SEELY.



PASSING THROUGH THE MIST—CAVE OF THE WINDS.



ENTRANCE TO CAVE.



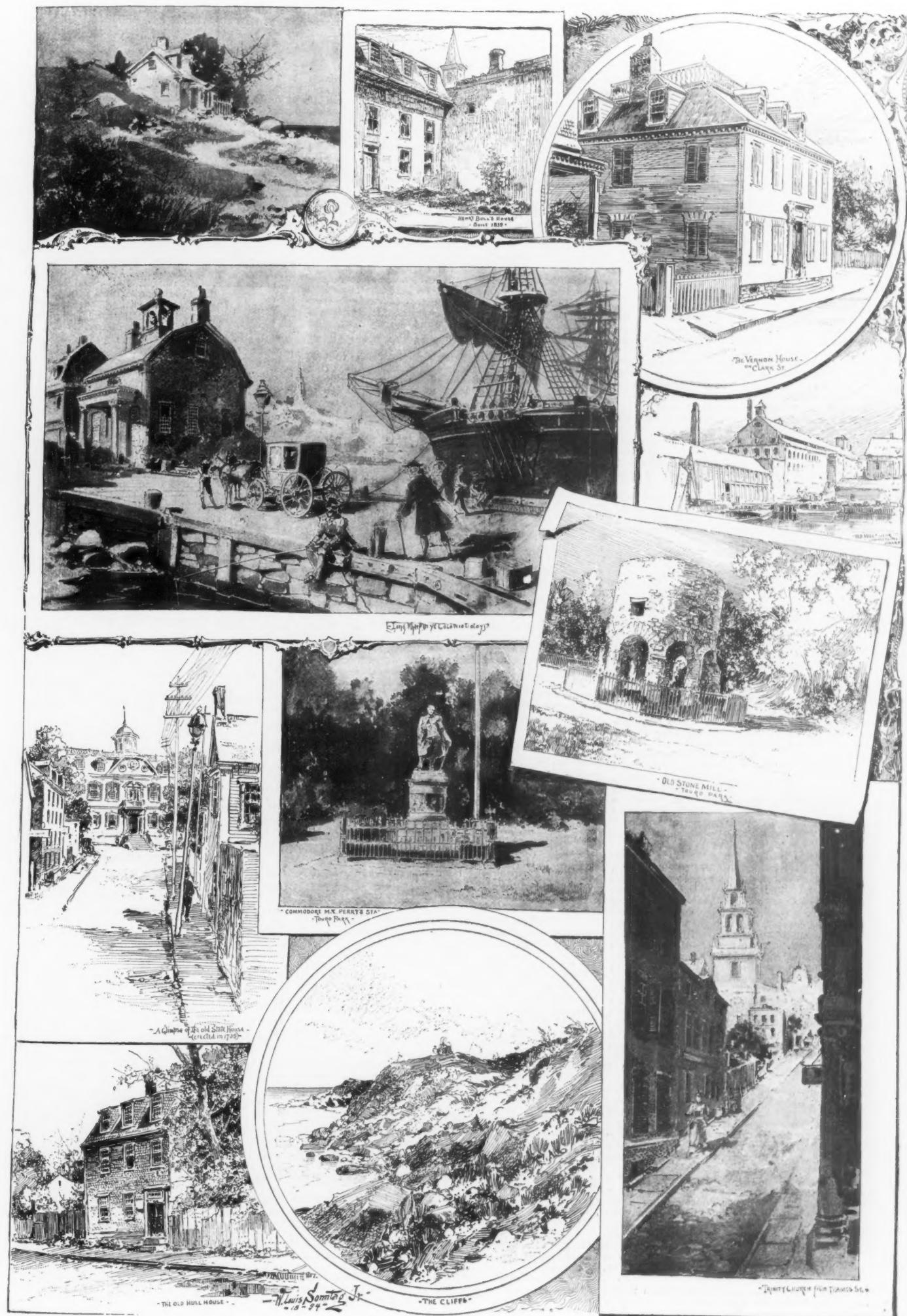
STAIRS TO CAVE OF THE WINDS.

## SKETCHES AT NIAGARA FALLS.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by F. W. JOPLING.)

JULY 14, 1804.]

## ONCE A WEEK.



## COLONIAL NEWPORT.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by SONNTAG, JR.—See page 6.)

## AN INDIAN HISTORIAN.

BAPTISTE GOOD, THE CHRONICLER OF THE SIOUX NATION.

**T**O how many people of the civilized East is it known that, far away in the land of the Dakotas, an old Sioux chief is busy, day by day, chronicling the history of the nation?—that he has arranged (from the beginning, as he understands it) an account of all the creation—that he has recorded the time when the first Sioux lived, when the tasseled corn first thrust its head above the ground, when the grass for the first time covered the prairie, when the antelope, the bear, the elk, the eagle first appeared, and when the mighty herds of buffalo—the storehouses of the Red Race—began to roam the vast country on which they were to make their home? Yet it is so. For there lives at an Indian camp near Cut Meat Creek, on the Rosebud Reservation, in South Dakota, an old Indian who has done all this, and more. His name is Baptiste Good, and he is known as the "Historian of the Sioux Nation." Notwithstanding his somewhat French-sounding name, he is a full-blooded Sioux chief, and, in his younger days, was a famous Medicine Man.

His Indian name is "Brave Bear." On account of the color of the cap he always has worn, people have called him "Old Yellow Hat," and 'twas General Harney who, for some meritorious service the old man rendered the Government, gave him the name he now bears. Altogether, he is really a very remarkable Indian, and, in his way, is quite an artist, as those who have examined his work can testify to. Some years ago he conceived the idea of arranging a pictorial "History" of his people. This work he carried on until the year 1887, when his sight failed him, and he became almost totally blind.

With the most praiseworthy perseverance he did not allow his affliction to interfere with the continuation of his work; for he engaged the services of his eldest son, High Hawk—also a chief—who, from that time, made all the additions to the History, under direction of his father, and no one, even at the present time, disputes the authority of Baptiste Good—the son acting during his father's lifetime simply as custodian of the book. This being purely a Sioux History, it follows that the Indians are somewhat jealous of its being talked about by white people, and it was some weeks before we even heard of it.

Wishing to visit this accidental Macaulay, we procured the services of a guide, and started, one evening, to walk to the place where he lived. A little more than half an hour passed ere we reached a hill-top, where we saw, in the dim light, three or four small log dwellings, about an equal number of tepees, and the usual collection of wagons, picketed ponies, hay-stacks and piles of wood that complete the outfit of an Indian camp.

"Look out for the dogs, and don't let them get behind you, or else they will be sure to fasten on you," said the guide. The caution was well timed, for we were soon surrounded by a motley crowd of canines, all growling and each eager to distinguish himself. A little watchfulness and a stick kept them at a distance, however, while we stood still to allow the guide to announce our visit, which he did, calling out in a loud voice.

The door of one of the houses opened, and a figure issued forth. It was a squaw, who, holding open the door for us to enter, indulged in a violent hissing, which was accepted by the dogs as an evident signal of disapproval of their unsociable conduct, for they immediately ceased barking and dispersed.

High Hawk, whose picture and view of camp are shown on page 12, Fig. 1—or "Mr." High Hawk, as he prefers to call himself—into whose dwelling we entered, received us in the most cordial and dignified manner, shaking hands with us and requesting that we shake hands with all the members of his family who were assembled about him. This special request is supposed by a people who place little value on the combination of soap and water to be a great honor.

A request to see the History was met with a flat refusal. Acting under the influence of some potent spirit, the chief said that he dared not show the precious volume to a white man. We tried a large bag of tobacco. The spirit was not to be tempted in that way, and it was not till the substantial ring of a silver coin was heard that the chieftain's scruples were brushed aside and the famous book was brought to light; for High Hawk took from the shelf that was built on the side of his log hut a gaudily decorated hand-satchel, which he opened. From this he took out a bundle wrapped up in linen, tied with pieces of deer skin. This package he slowly unwrapped, and drew from among the letters and papers which it contained a smaller package that was wrapped up in a piece of tanned skin, which was old, frayed, and almost worn out. Evidently this skin had done duty for many years. This last covering was carefully unrolled and laid aside, and the chief held in his hand a small, well-worn, red leather-bound diary. After smoking a pipe to the Great Spirit, the chief opened to the first page of the History.

In the centre of this page was drawn a circle. This figure represented the earth as it was in the beginning, about six thousand years ago, at which time the Sioux nation claims to have descended from the ancestral Beaver. On the earth was drawn a very few roughly-built tepees, and also figures of Indians with weapons, squaws with loads on their backs, wood, or papooses, as the case may have been.

Inside the circular line was shown the figure of a black buffalo—supposed to suggest the idea of plenty—the continuous and unbroken circle representing the earth, meaning that at that time people lived in common and without war.

On the other parts of the page were scattered small drawings done in pencil, with colored crayon rubbed on after to suggest local coloring, representing the trees, plants, corn, and such living things as antelope, beaver, deer, bear, etc., with the dates of their first appearance.

The names of these were quite well written in English, invariably beginning with a flourishing capital letter, and were correctly spelled. In the upper right-hand corner of the page was a small drawing of the original Sioux Indian and squaw—a copy of this drawing is to be seen on page 12, Fig. 2). The legend is that the young Indian girl, decked in all her finery, had gone to the stream to catch a fish, and the young man, seeing her so engaged, gallantly came and assisted her, and—

this part of the story is at least six thousand years old—they fell in love with each other.

From them are descended the people of the Sioux nation.

The next page showed the world peopled with many Indians. Breaks in the circle line showed the division of the tribes and tepees covered the whole surface of the earth.

The pipe, and various weapons used in hunting and war made their appearance at this period, and the page was covered with the names of many new animals and birds. Over the figure of the buffalo, in the circle of this page, was drawn an arrow, to the point of which the sanguinary end of a red-and-blue pencil had been liberally applied to suggest the first effusion of blood.

The few pages following we were not permitted to see, as they were "big medicine"; but, fortunately, caught a glimpse of the chronicling of the coming of the white man to America—the landing of Columbus—of which the Indians claim to have a record. There is a tradition that, at one time, many, many years ago, three large ships came across the sea and stopped at an island near the coast of America, and that in these ships came many white men—the first the Indians had ever seen. There is little doubt that this brief account of the discovery of the New World by the Spaniards has slowly traveled West with the red man, and that the story has been handed down from generation to generation. Since the Indians have been sent to the schools that the Government has established for their instruction the true story of the discovery of America by Columbus has been taught them, and it may be that the old legend which has survived has been slightly modified.

Toward the end of the book the pages were covered with regularly arranged pictures of yearly events. They were each gayly colored and consecutively numbered: pages being shown on which were registered the important occurrences of the years of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The small illustrations on page 12 will serve to show the character of some of these records—the death of White Elk (Fig. 3), the escape of Crow Thunder (Fig. 4)—these two pictures being copies of the Indian drawings. The pictures numbered from 5 to 14, inclusive, will serve to show what the Indian mind considers as a characteristic event, by which the year in which the same occurred could be ever afterward remembered, and so time, by this means, was measured from the year in which was held a big council (Fig. 5), when Black Bear killed a white buffalo (Fig. 6), when Black Wolf carried off the daughter of Eagle Hawk (Fig. 7), when Spotted Tail was assassinated by Crow Dog (Fig. 8), the year when White Black Bird met his death (Fig. 9), when Crow Thunder killed the bear (Fig. 10), when a great dance took place (Fig. 11), a comet appeared (Fig. 12), when Charging Horse took a Pawnee scalp (Fig. 13), or when the battle of Wounded Knee sounded the death-knell to so many Sioux braves. The systematic manner with which all the records are preserved merit all praise.

While we were inspecting the many curiously drawn little pictures which High Hawk showed, carefully guarding against all our efforts to take the book from his hand, the door of the dwelling suddenly opened and the author of this remarkable work stood before us. It was Baptiste Good.

At least six feet or more high, of an imposing carriage, he held his head slightly raised and felt before him with the long oak staff which he always carries. His long hair, slightly streaked with gray, hung down about his neck, forming a dark background to his finely marked face. After being guided to a seat beside us, the first thing he did was to order, in a peremptory manner, his son to put away the book. This command—which was undisputed—was immediately obeyed, and the literary treasure was, like a little Sioux mummy, encased in its many wrappings, and once more consigned to its resting-place in the recesses of the valise.

Baptiste Good is a great talker, speaks principally about himself, and is full of his subject.

He informed us—as he does everybody who will listen to him—of the way he received his present name. In the presence of one thousand soldiers General Harney said:

"Brave Bear is to have a new name. He is a good man, and hereafter you must call him 'Baptiste Good,' and the thousand soldiers all called out: 'Baptiste Good!' 'Say it once more,' ordered General Harney. The thousand soldiers again called 'Baptiste Good!!!' 'Again!' thundered the general. Again the soldiers: 'BAPTISTE GOOD!!!' The recollection of this recognition on the part of the military seemed to give a keen pleasure to the old Indian, and no nobleman was ever prouder of his new title.

His memory is astonishing, and his power of calculating might be envied by many an accountant. He not only knows the date of the year, month and day of the events—which he proved by repeating them—but can recall the name and day of the week as well, and seemed to have a poor opinion of a white man who could not remember whether the 6th of May (his birthday) happened in the year when he was born on a Monday, Wednesday or Saturday. It will be almost needless to write that the important event in his History for the year 1821 was the birth of Baptiste Good.

Notwithstanding his blindness, he is very cheerful, and evinces much interest in the progress of the East, and, with the true spirit of a historian, is as impartial as could be expected.

He speaks a little French and English, and whenever pleased with receiving a very marked compliment shows his linguistic powers by exclaiming: \* "Waste—good—

\* Waste—Sioux word, meaning "Good."

Bon," which means pretty much the same thing, and emphasizing the whole sentiment with an emphatic "How!"

He complained that the Government did not furnish as much flour, beef and rice as it should. As he pronounced the words "flour, bees and lice," his lament sounded at first a little surprising.

He informed us that any one under the age of thirty years was a mere baby, and asked that he might have sent to him a box of colored pencils, especially a brown one, as he needed that color more than any other.

It would be hard to forget the spirited manner, the appropriate gestures of the old man as he sat in the

gloom of this Indian home, and it needed but a little fancy to imagine under the heavy brows that the dark eyes were sparkling with all the fire of old; and 'twas with almost a feeling of regret that we at length took leave of Baptiste Good and his son, who parted with us with the assurance that our little visit had given them great pleasure.

On stepping out into the darkness, once, we reached the edge of the encampment, we turned, for we heard Baptiste Good tapping his staff lightly on the ground, and saw the old man tightly clasping the hand of a little girl—his grandchild—as she led him to his home.

WALTER BOBBETT.

## FERGURSON'S FAD.

ND this is what you call a "kind criticism," cried Mrs. Flora Forester, with tears in her sweet blue eyes.

Linwood stared at the newspaper with a mortified frown. "It's too abominably bad," he said. He liked Mrs. Forester, and pitied her; they were excellent friends. He thought her latest novel of New York society a very breezy and artistic little performance. He belonged to the staff of *The Daily Umpire*, and he had given the book to their "literary man," Ferguson, and asked him to write kindly about it. Ferguson, who was not more than three-and-thirty, and desired undisputed sway in his own limited realm of book-reviewing, had sniffed a little at this request. But he had promised to look into the novel and see what he could do, and Linwood had expected of him something at least fairly civil.

"I hadn't seen to-day book-column before," he said to Mrs. Forester, with ill-hid disgust. "But one never knows what Ferguson will do with a book. Luckily this is only a small paragraph."

"Into which," sighed Mrs. Forester, "are condensed five distinct sneers."

"The truth is that Ferguson belongs to that class of critics who despise the American novel. Such fellows haven't much respect for the English novel, but they hold *our* fiction in grand disesteem. The French, and the Spanish, and the Russians—especially the Russians—are their delight. Ferguson has lately been bitten by that craze. Upon my word," pursued Linwood, laughing a little, "he's at heart the nicest young fellow in the world. But he has somehow got himself into the queerest condition. If he sees 'Fifth Avenue' or 'Broadway' in a book he always feels like either shutting it up or reviling it."

Mrs. Forester bit her lip musingly. "M—yes. I understand," she replied. And then she smiled a little oddly, in her gentle, wise way. "I know something of Russia. I lived in St. Petersburg for two years; my late husband, you know, held a diplomatic place there. . . . It often strikes me that these passionate transatlantic admirers of Tolstoi, and Tourgueniev, and several other famous Russian writers can scarcely grasp the 'realism' which they laud. Really, being so ignorant of actual Russian life, I cannot quite see how they are able at all to verify it."

Linwood gave an amused chuckle. "Neither can I! You actually know the Russians' language, don't you, apart from your familiarity with many of their native and distinctive customs?"

"Oh, yes," she smiled. "Still, I speak Russian very poorly."

The next day, when Linwood saw Ferguson, at the office of the *Umpire*, he said, in his dreamy and lazy way: "Oh, by the by, you didn't give poor Mrs. Forester's novel much of a send-off, Jack, did you?"

Ferguson looked up from his desk. He was reading a translation of one of Valdés's novels. He didn't know Spanish at all well; he had never been in Spain; but he had already made up his mind to praise this novel copiously for its marvelous truthfulness to life. And by "life" the life of modern Spain must here inevitably be meant.

"No, Robert," he said. "A reviewer should be conscientious, you know, or nothing. Frankly, I thought your friend's view of New York society at the present time a curiously—ahem—feverish and—er—unauthentic one."

"I see," said Linwood, dryly. "Mrs. Forester goes about a good deal here, now that she's left off her widow's mourning."

"Oh, indeed." Ferguson's eyes were busy again with the pages of his translated Spanish novel. "It—er—seems to me that I have heard, somehow, somewhere, that she was a good deal sought after nowadays."

"No; not 'sought after,' in any marked sense. She receives cards to a good many nice places, however, and often goes to them. Her observations, I mean, are usually at first hand."

"Oh, yes. Quite so."

"Have you been much into New York society lately?" Linwood innocently went on.

"I—" Here Ferguson started, and then shrugged his shoulders. "I'm in mourning for my father, you know."

"Yes; you've been in mourning ever since you took this place on the *Umpire*, haven't you? That was about four months ago, and previously, my dear Jack, you were on the Boston *Bastion* for an age. I remember that you went on it just after we were both graduated from Harvard in the same year."

Linwood delivered this parting shaft very mildly. He always did everything mildly. You could have sworn that of him, after a glance at his placid, clean-shaven lips and his large, gray, reposeful eyes.

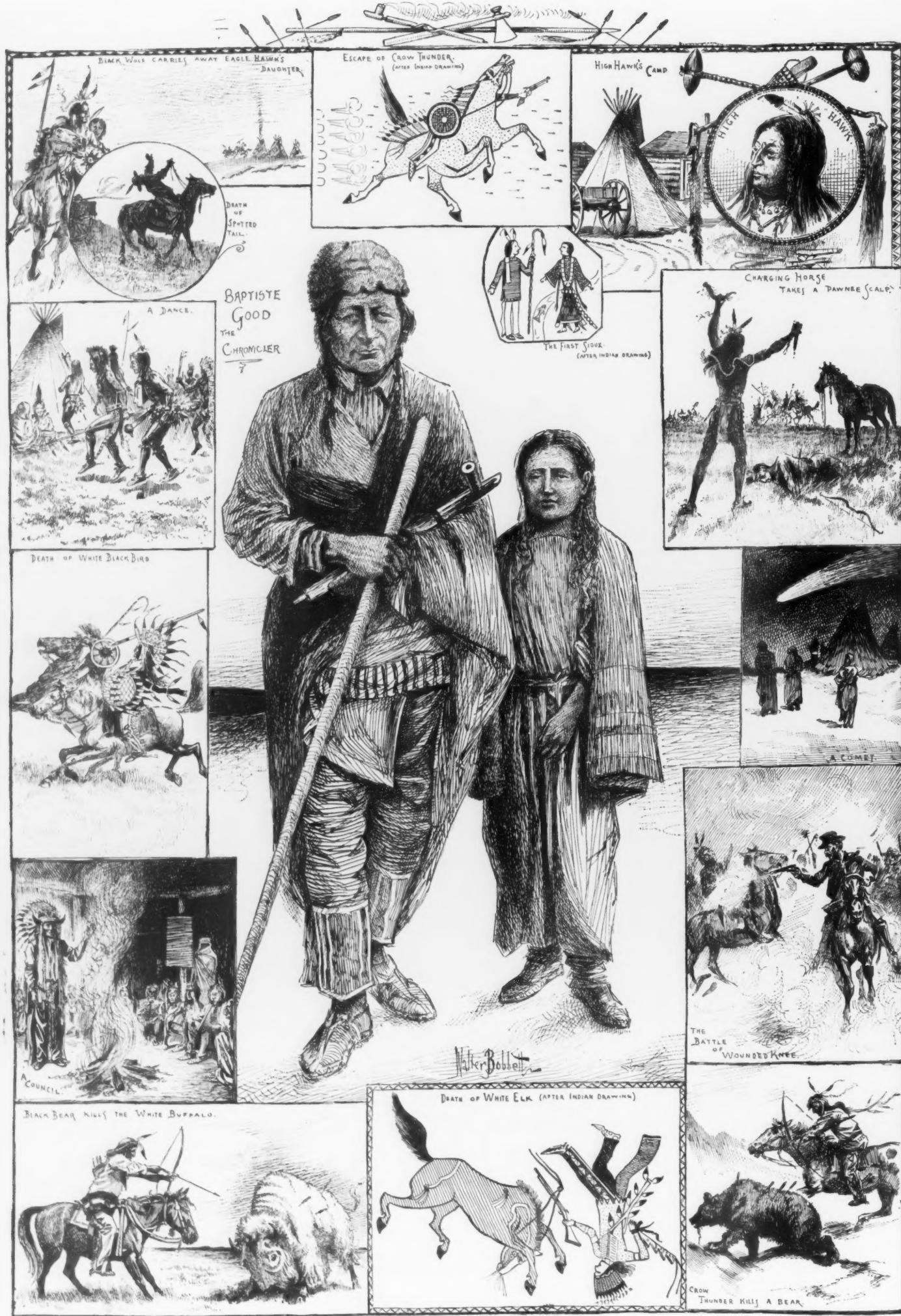
But he would speak quiet words, now and then, that had the cuts of knives in them. To a fellow-editor whom he liked (a shaggy-bearded man named Fosdick, who wrote poignant financial and social articles that often struck the public tellingly and helped to sell the paper powerfully) he soon made certain remarks which roused a vigorous laugh.

"Why, my dear Robert," exclaimed Fosdick, trying

## PLAYING CARDS.

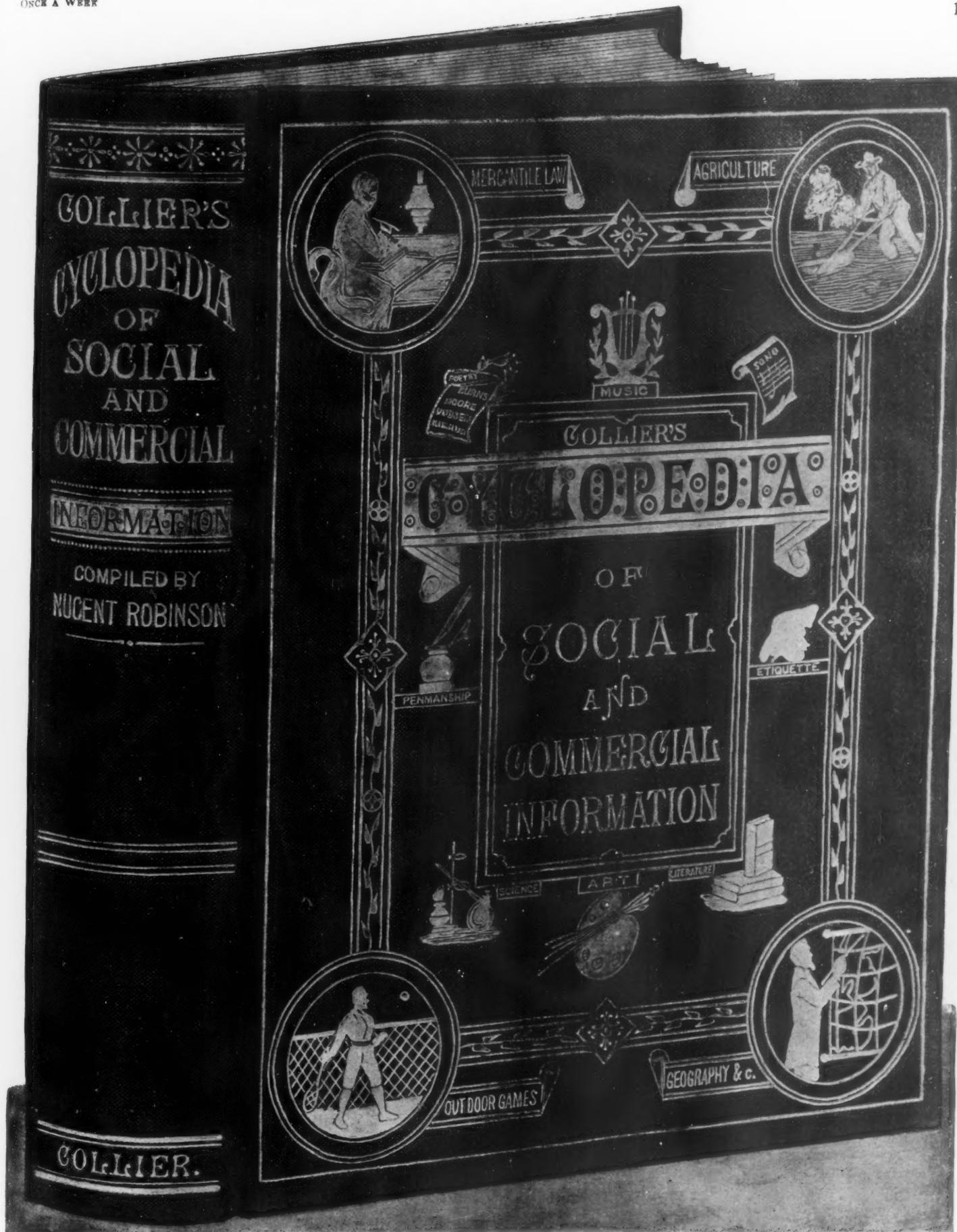
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AN INDIAN HISTORIAN.

(See page 10.)



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## A MESALLIANCE.

MRS. CHANLER throws two symmetrical white arms above her head as she sinks into a billowy mass of lace-beruffled cushions, puts one pink-slipped foot over the other and closes her eyes in meditation on two proposals received this morning. With the vision of one man comes a distinct, clear-cut recollection that is associated with intellectual dinners, brilliant balls, jolly coaching-parties, the dazzling splendor of an opera season, and moonlit garden-fêtes, where the flower-laden air and languorous, intoxicating music threw a halo of bliss around the dear, dead days. She smiles as the aftermath of pleasure sweeps like a wave over her memory, and the dimples grow restless around a half-smiling mouth as she reflects that many women would consider the subjugation of Maitland Forbes a triumphant conquest, for he had sworn allegiance to bachelorthood long ago. The odor of his roses creeps down caressingly from a vase above her head and she reaches upward to stroke the velvet petals bending in salutation over her couch.

The thought of the other suitor causes the dimples to flee like cowards before the tiny warlike force of frowns that are mustered on her face. How dare he address her!—presume, for an instant, to hope that she would marry him! The very idea is an effrontery! Their lives have been so divergent; he has never moved in the brilliant firmament of which she is a star; her friends would be aghast if she attempted to introduce him as her *fiancé*; he is not established at the clubs, and it would require months to revolutionize his ideas and apparel and bring them "up to date." Only yesterday he had passed the house in hat two months old and a somewhat faded suit. The very days associated with this man's presence are bitter and hateful, and he would be a constant reminder of them! She seizes the despised letter and tosses it across the room; runs her white fingers impatiently through the perfumed tresses, and precipitates thoughts and memory far back to the time when she had first known this unwelcome petitioner for her hand.

He came into her life in an unexpected, peculiar manner, and she hardly recognized his existence until the unknown stranger, whom she scorned, evolved into an acquaintance upon whom she leaned when the dark cloud settled upon her married life. A curious experience for her—a woman who held herself above masculine friendships—and she viewed the situation with consternation when introspective reflections revealed a growing tendency to depend upon, and find solace in, the companionship of a man who was not even in her "set."

The first time she saw him was after an alumni dinner at which her husband presided as secretary. A prolonged business meeting, and much homage paid to the shrine of Bacchus, brought him home at early dawn in a state that required the supporting arm of a friend to pilot him safely from carriage to front door. He had forgotten or lost the night-latch, and, wishing to save him from servants' gossip, she had groped her way timidly down the dimly lighted staircase and opened the door herself.

"He—er—doesn't feel well to-night. He cannot walk by himself," hesitatingly said the gentleman who had brought him home. "May I carry him to his room? You cannot take him upstairs yourself, and you cannot leave him here." He carried Arthur up in his big, powerful arms and put him to bed with the care and tenderness he would have bestowed on a child.

"To whom am I indebted for this kindness?" she coldly asked when he turned to go.

"You are not at all in my debt, madam. It is a pleasure to me to serve any one who is ill. Should Mr. Chanler get worse and you need any one, I shall be very glad to come and render you any aid within my power. I shall hold myself subject to your call;" and then he gave her a name she had never heard before.

The next day, when Arthur was sufficiently aroused from his somnolence to comprehend how he had reached home the evening before, he was inclined to be

severe about young Wellman and to refer to him in a sort of slurring way. "Knew him at college, don't you know—just a plain farmer's son, and now he's come to town to practice law and try to go out, if possible. Hope you didn't ask him to call—won't do, you know."

"Oh, no," she replied, calmly. "I never adopt strangers, and I certainly would not be apt to seek the acquaintance of a man who had brought you home in the condition you were in last night."

"Oh, well, he had nothing to do with that, and I know nothing against him—in fact, he has many sterling qualities—only he isn't our sort, you know. They are only plain country people, and he hasn't even got the mildew off him yet. Don't know how he came to be invited last night—made an ass of himself by turning down his glass and saying that claret went to his head and he never heard of a Rickey before!"

After this Mr. Wellman brought Arthur home often, and, on several occasions, his presence was necessary until day-dawn in order to assure him that he was not taking an extended post-graduate course in ophiology. Recognizing the nobility of the man's character, she partially pardoned his deficiencies of manner and appearance and invited him to attend her weekly receptions; but he never came—on the contrary, he carefully avoided the house until Arthur was stricken with his last illness, and then he stood unflinchingly between her and misery—pain—harrowing, soul-stirring scenes—faithful to the end. The club-men ran in often, but only for a half-hour or so, to cheer him up, and then they were off to plunge mind and body into seas of pleasure. Wellman remained to nurse her husband, to minister to his comforts, to quiet his ravings, and to watch through the weary hours of the silent night. "He will not have a nurse," explained Wellman, "and he feels easy and contented with a familiar face near while—"

"I have ordered tea in here," says Florence Norton, her hostess, interrupting the reverie as she enters the room followed by a man with a tray. "We can have a chat before we drive. How many lumps, Josephine? And do you take it Russian, French or English—lemon, sherry or cream? What is all this talk I hear about you and Maitland Forbes? They say he has actually surrendered—is it true? Take him by all means, my dear. Every woman I know has been angling for that man for the past ten years. It would be lovely to see him lay down arms before a widow—those metaphors are mixed, I know; but he always reminded me of an enormous fish that evaded every one, and if he marries, it will not be unlike Napoleon at Waterloo."

"Isn't he president of the M— Club?"

"Yes, and two others. Has wealth, family—everything. Don't refuse him, whatever you do. No other woman would."

"I did not say that I had the opportunity. Let me see," she says, reflectively; "did he not once lead a cotillon for you just before I went abroad?"

"Yes; that was the night his sister died; but, of course, he did not know her illness was so serious. Will you have the Forbes mansion done over, or leave the old Revolutionary furniture as it is?"

"Refurnish part; use old furniture in dining-room and library. Have salons in Louis XIV. style, and all the other rooms in different periods."

"Capital idea! Oh, you dear girl, I knew you had some sense! He's crazy about you, and I hope you will be the happiest woman in the world. You cannot help it, with such diamonds, such an equipage and such a home."

"Did I not hear Charles say something about Mr. Forbes taking seven different wines at Mr. Van Gilder's farewell dinner the other evening?"

"Oh, that's nothing. All men do that. Charles can drink ten kinds before he feels it, and if Maitland Forbes drank twenty, it would not hurt you because he would stay at the club or make the butler sit up. Don't let a little thing like that worry you, ma belle."

"Well, run away like a good girl and let me answer two letters before we drive."

Mrs. Chanler disinters herself from the fluffy lace embankment in which she has been half buried, and goes to an escritoire, where she writes two notes—answers to those received this morning. To one man, she sends a resolute, decisive, negative response; to the other, she pens a hopeful missive—a promise whose fulfillment will gladden his life—and grants him permission to call the following evening.

The appointed hour has come, and she is waiting for her visitor—the man to whom she has intrusted her future and her happiness. There is no tremor or regret in her mind. She feels that she has chosen wisely. There is a ring at the bell; a firm tread in the hall: the footman opens the door and announces—Mr. Wellman.

VIRGINIA R. COXE.

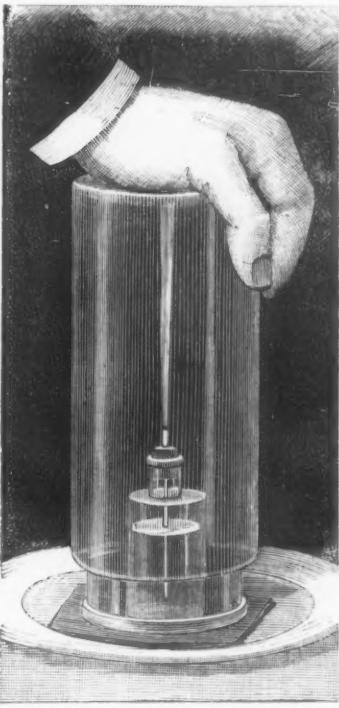
## ONCE A WEEK.

## SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

## A FOUNTAIN IN A VACUUM.

FILL a small glass bottle three-quarters full of water, and traverse the cork with a straw tube having the narrowest possible diameter. Seal the bottle hermetically with the cork. The straw should penetrate to within half-an-inch of

four eggs, two teaspoonsfuls of vinegar and eight of oil, some salt and pepper. Shake the mixture well, and pour it over the lettuce, stirring it until it is properly mixed. If preferred, sweet or sour cream may be used instead of oil.



bottom. If you blow vigorously through the tube and then watch the flask, you will perceive a beautiful little jet of water escaping from it through the tube during several seconds. This is caused by the expansion of the air above the water, which you compressed by blowing into the bottle.

By reversing the experiment, it can be proved that the water will rise of itself if a vacuum is produced. For this purpose you require a large glass jar, which may be turned over the bottle, leaving a considerable space above for the play of the fountain.

Heat the jar over a lamp or candle, and having placed the bottle on some sheets of blotting-paper, moistened and spread on a large plate, overturn the jar and press it forcibly downward on the moistened paper, which will prevent the outer air from penetrating into the jar. As soon as the air in the jar cools partial vacuum is produced by its contraction, and immediately the water in the bottle rises in a beautiful jet, which, if care is taken to exclude the outer air, will attain the height of the bottom of the jar, against which it will break and fall downward in a thousand crystal drops.

**FORHEINRICH**

BY A BLUE APRON.

CHEESE SOUFFLES: A HOT ENTREMÉT.—Melt five ounces of butter in a saucepan, and add the yolks of seven eggs, raw. Set the whole on the fire, and stir gently until it begins to thicken, then put in five ounces each of parmesan and Swiss cheese, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, a little salt, a pinch of sugar and the beaten whites of two eggs. Twenty minutes before serving add the firmly-beaten whites of five eggs. Cook in a slow oven, in little buttered cases, and serve promptly, as the appearance of the soufflés will be spoiled by waiting.

PLAIN LETTUCE SALAD.—Select fresh and well-filled lettuce heads. Pick the leaves off the stalks, retaining only the yellow ones. When the heart is about the size of an egg cut it in four. Split all the leaves through the centre, wash well, and drain and wipe thoroughly. Place them in a salad-bowl, and sprinkle with chopped chervil and tarragon. Put into a bottle the yeeks of

OF all the curious operations attempted by modern surgical skill, perhaps the most remarkable is one reported from the Lancaster County Lunatic Asylum, as having been accomplished on one of its inmates recently.

The subject, William Fitzpatrick, had a mania for swallowing things, and one morning succeeded in storing away 192 flooring nails. To relieve the attack of acute indigestion which naturally followed this indiscretion, an operation was decided on, the result being that all the nails were successfully removed from the man's stomach, and in addition two buttons, a length of wire, a quantity of matted hair and half a screw. The lot weighed over two pounds. The patient is not expected to recover.

IT has cost the Department of Justice fifty-two thousand dollars so far to watch the Coxey armies and regulate their peregrinations and train-stealings. The vagary and the vagrants took in fourteen States and two Territories. These weary ones ought to rest now.

THE latest rumor is that New Mexico is our next débâcle, and will join the Sisterhood of States before snow flies. Santa Fé, the second oldest city in the United States, was founded in 1582, and it is about time her patience was rewarded. She was a nice little village when even this metropolis was a howling wilderness. Miss New Mexico, ladies! A very old—that is to say—our youngest débâcle.

AMID the alleged wreck of police consciences in New York we have cheering news from Paterson, N. J., where two shivering and garmentless urchins, caught "in swimming" by the blue-coats, did feloniously offer a bribe of five cents each to be let go. The offer was indignantly rejected, and the lads went free for nothing.

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VIRGINIA R. COXE.



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Foods—"Same old game; she wants to borrow your shirts and ties."



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